

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE YEARS.

Where, all day long, the sunshine played,
In golden light or purple shade,
The twilight shadows gather now;
And the soft breeze that cools my brow
Seems freighted with the hopes and fears
That mark the passing of my years.

Gay childhood's years, life's long ago,
I catch thy echoes sweet and low,
And bird and flower and rippling rill
Breathe o'er my heart with magic thrill;
And clear each well-known face appears,
Unchanged by thee, O changing years!

O years, sad years! Footsore I tread
The worn paths where ye hold my dead!
Not all the dust that gathers deep
Above the forms that peaceful sleep
Can hide from eyes clear-washed with tears
My loved! my dead! O bitter years!

O coming years, if such may be—
Hold ye some prize for one like me?
Through the thin veil that falls between
The present and the vast unseen,
I strive to trace, mid hopes and fears,
Some line of thee, O far-off years!

Yet well I know, somewhere, some day,
This transient veil shall drop away,
And all the past of life and love,
Heart-gems of earth safe stored above,
Undimmed by change and sins and tears,
Shall be mine own through endless years.

And so I watch and wait and pray,
And to my yearning soul I say:
"Be patient still; though tempest-tossed,
Thy dearest treasures are not lost;
And God shall wipe away thy tears
Through all the blest eternal years!"

—*L. B. Marquiss.*

THINGS OLD AND NEW: A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

"Old things are passed away; behold, all
things are become new." So said the Apostle
Paul; but the change was within himself.
He had not been transported into a new world,
but his inward eye had been purified to see
more deeply into the secrets of the eternal
and unchanging spirit.

It is seldom, however, that men are obliged
to make up their minds in reference to so
radical a change as that which affected the
Apostle Paul, seldom that past and future
appear so little akin. And yet the words of
the apostle, with slight modification, almost
seem to represent a law of the world's growth.
Old things are continually passing away, and
new things stepping into their places, not
often through the shocks of revolution, but
ceaselessly, in a never-ending progression.
Day treads on day, and year on year, bearing
each its own contribution of toils or pleasures,
hopes or fears, and then dropping silently into
the lap of time. Generation succeeds gener-
ation, and the aged are ever making room
for the young. Institutions, governments,
modes of worship, have their several lifetimes,
some longer, some shorter; but the most
venerated at last grow old, and yield to the
general law. We do not often turn our atten-
tion to this unceasing flow, this receding of
the old before the new; but, when some strik-
ing change in our circumstances or some
marked period of time, like the birth of a new
year, brings it vividly before the imagination,

we cannot fail to be solemnly impressed. Are things only born to die, and is there no abiding ground, no eternal reality, behind these flitting appearances? Surely there must be One who has been "our dwelling-place in all generations," and who gives their significance and value to the most ephemeral phenomena. It is only the forms of things that become old and pass away; the spirit abides forever, and knows not age. The organs of its manifestation run their appointed periods, and retreat before those that are more expressive; and the perpetuity of youth in the spirit is dependent upon the law of transition which affects all that is visible. The body, most beautiful and wonderful of fabrics, is laid to rest in the grave, that the spirit may no longer be encumbered with its tottering limbs and languid brain. Thus it is that the world, after a thousand centuries, is fresh and vigorous as when the sons of God shouted for joy over the splendors of its creation; and religion still breathes her aspirations and anoints the soul for the sacrifice of self, though altars have ceased to glow and temples have crumbled into dust.

We have a natural feeling of pleasure in the advent of what is new. Fresh experiences and hopes are accompanied by greater keenness of enjoyment, and have a charm peculiar to themselves. Our Creator has mercifully adapted the constitution of our minds to the circumstances in which we are placed, and has for the most part made pleasant to us the change and variety which are needful to enlarge our experience and give breadth to our views. We are, indeed, constantly seeking for something new, whether in the form of pleasure, of knowledge, or of affection; and we should soon begin to feel our lives tedious and become painfully conscious of an unsatisfied want if each day were a precise copy of its predecessor, and brought nothing to extend the boundary of our ideas.

This instinctive and healthy gratification at what is new may, however, degenerate into a mere love of novelty, and lead to an undue depreciation of that which is old and tried. New views in religion, in science, or in politics are received by many with a readiness and confidence utterly disproportioned to the evidence on which they rest, and lead away their votaries by the charm of their youthful appearance, destined themselves, when they have lost their one precious distinction, to make way for more juvenile competitors. That disposition which can recognize no virtues in the old and no deficiencies in the new fails to perceive the real merits of either. It is essentially shallow,

and grounds its judgments, not on permanent principles or on the solid evidence of facts, but on its own transitory likings; and it is too conceited to perceive that its caprices are not the abiding foundation of truth, but rather are those enemies of truth against whose inroads it is one of the most important acts of our moral and intellectual discipline to maintain a vigilant guard. Thus our love of the new needs to be counterbalanced by that other order of feeling to which we referred,—our affection for the old.

This affection, when exercised within its legitimate sphere, is one of the sweetest and tenderest that God has implanted in the heart. It is far more than a want of pliability in our nature or a stupid adherence to beaten paths. It is a grateful and venerating recognition of real deserts, and a feeling of loyalty towards that which has long been a trusted friend and helper. His is no profound soul who can easily break up old associations, who forgets his indebtedness to the past, and carelessly flings aside the forms through which truth once freely breathed, or in which eternal principles have found their temporary expression. The spirit gives sacredness to the symbol, and divides with it the love which it itself alone can win. The face and gesture of our friend are dear to us. A smile, a kiss, or a tear, often reach the depths; and the sound of the voice comes fraught with memories that none other can waken. With holy solicitude we watch the aged and infirm body; and though we know that it must pass away, having finished its appointed purpose, yet when it has breathed forth the spirit which gave it all its worth, we look upon it with a reverent awe, and then tenderly and lovingly hide it from our sight. And so with everything we love. Fond devotion hangs around its age, and is ever apt to think it a hard and inexorable fate that old things must pass away. Regretfully we part from that which has borne high thoughts to the mind, light to the conscience, or religion to the soul; and we feel no ordinary pain when that is wrenched away around which our affections have twined, which have guided the helplessness of our childhood or fostered the aspirations of our maturity.

It is easy to see whither the degeneracy of this affection must tend. It becomes blind conservatism in politics, superstition in religion. It reposes its faith in forms, and forgets the essence, and, by refusing to recognize the law impressed upon all visible things, becomes the parent of revolutions. It believes only in that which has been, and that which is new is in its eyes synonymous with the bad. It lives in fear rather than in hope. Its

blessings are buried in the past, and destruction looms in the rash and innovating future.

Thus, the two orders of feeling which we mentioned are mutually dependent for their healthy action, and are both needed to give completeness to the character. Reverence for the old, hope in the new, looking backwards and looking forwards, by their reciprocal action insure the world's slow and steady progress. These apparently opposed feelings find their unity in veneration for the spirit rather than the form. It is good for us that the form, the perishing symbol, should go away, in order that the abiding comforter may come. That which is deepest in our love and reverence does not die. It reappears in another guise. The shape is different, but the substance is the same. Let us look behind the changing vesture into the eternal essence; and, while our years pass by, bearing away beloved things that have run their allotted course, and bringing in new things around which cluster our confiding expectations, let us look upon the world with a reverence and a hope ever fresh, with a memory charged with unnumbered blessings, and a faith which never loses its vision of a glory to be revealed. To those who rest in God all is well, for he grows not old nor passes away. All else changes, that we may find him and love him with supreme devotion. Through this year may he dwell in our hearts. Then we shall behold a creation ever new, a fairer and still fairer arising from the ashes of the past; and we shall see that the glory of the old fades only before the dawning of a brighter day.—*James Drummond, D.D.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE NEW YEAR.

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a flower,
Hid in the roots among the untrodden hills.
God shows thee how its sweetness every hour
Grows only as His breath thy spirit fills.

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a star,
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed
skies.
God guide thee through His mystic spaces far,
Till all His stars as suns within thee rise.

The New Year beckons. He, too, beckoning
nears.

Forget not thou that all thy gifts are His.
Take from His hand all blessings of the years
And of the blossoming, starred eternities.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

We greet our readers at the opening of a new year. It is a time to hope, a time to remember, a time to resolve. What has the past year been to us? Much? Then surely we must make much of that upon which we are just entering. Little? Then all the more let us be spurred by our loss and failure to make the most of that which is before us. Let us plan carefully for the year, at its *beginning*, and plan for the *highest ends*. Only a foolish or a weak man launches his boat aimlessly on a stream, to drift. The wise man, the strong man, sees that his oars are plied and his rudder is manned.

What shall the year be for our churches? A year of vigorous work and self-forgetting devotion to a noble cause? What to our homes? A year of love and patience and joy found in the tasks of every day? What for our individual selves? A year of mind growth, conscious growth, heart growth into nobler manhood and womanhood? Surely we may not aim at less than all this.

Each day of the year just ahead is a gold coin, for us to save and grow rich—or lose, and be poorer therefor all our lives. Each day is a round of a ladder on which we may climb to the beautiful unattained, if we will. Each day is a stone laid at our feet by the great architect of all worlds and all souls, for us to build into the walls of a beautiful palace or an ugly prison, to be our home forever.

As we enter upon the new year, it may well be with joy, with hope, with smiles, and greetings of each other; but not less should it be with high and serious purpose. Let our resolve be that of Paul, "Leaving the things that are behind, to press forward to those that are before." Let the exhortation of each to himself be that of Dr. Holmes:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!"

—*The Unitarian, January, 1886.*

Put faith in truth as mightier than error,
prejudice, or passion, and be ready to take a
place among its martyrs. Feel that truth is
not a local, temporary influence, but immu-
table, everlasting, the same in all worlds, one
with God and armed with his omnipotence.—
Channing.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:

For Young People.

"How to Speak and Write English," "Seaside and Wayside," "The World at Home," "The World and Its People," "Fables and Folk Stories," "Rhymes for Real Children," "Mother Play and Nursery Songs," "Jingles and Joys," "One Summer Day," "Easy Stories," "Billy, His Summer Awakening," "Misunderstood," "Dilly and the Captain," "Bob, Son of Battle," "Chatterbox, Natural History," "Peter Poodle," "Book of Birds," "In Peasant Land," "Puss in Boots," "The Kite Book," "Midge and her Chicks," "The Engine Book."

Miscellaneous.

"Abaft the Funnel"; "Echoes from Old Country Life"; "Down the Ravine"; "The Despot of Brownsedge Cove"; "The Story of Rudon Bluffs"; "The Vanishing Star"; "From Forecastle to Cabin"; "The Money Moon," Jeffrey Farnol; "Four-handed Folk," O. T. Miller; "Dorothy the Puritan"; "When Knighthood was in Flower"; "The Cherry Riband," Crockett; "Stillman Gott"; "American Sonnets"; "Ragged Lady"; "A Hazard of New Fortunes"; "A Little Girl among the Old Masters"; "Roman Imperialism," J. K. Seely; "Little Sister Snow"; "David Crockett, Scout"; "Robert Elsmere"; "The Pathfinder"; "The Deerslayer"; "Hyperion," Longfellow; "The Duties of Women," F. P. Cobbe.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Any reading matter sent me will be gladly welcomed. Thanking you for many past favors, Mary E. Decker, No. 6 Rural Route, corner Grace and Atlantic Streets, Springfield, Missouri.

2. Suitable reading for a girl of twelve years is asked for by Laura Guim, 2115 Roberson Avenue, Springfield, Missouri.

3. I shall be glad to get some good novels or any good reading, and also postal cards. Miss Annie B. Harris, Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 88.

4. Mrs. John Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia, will appreciate the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Woman's Home Companion* for 1913.

5. Miss Rosa L. Hewlett, Beaverdam, Virginia, will be very glad of good books and the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

6. I should like very much to receive the following books: "The Minister's Wooing," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and "The Wide, Wide World," by Elizabeth Wetherell. The name and address of my minister is Rev. John M. Wall, Ararat, Surry County, North Carolina. If you have not the above-mentioned books, I should be glad to receive any other good books. James Howell, Straw, North Carolina.

7. Mrs. C. C. Owen, Whittles, Virginia, care of Mr. Watson, R. F. D., asks for a Bible and picture books and cards for her three children.

8. Mrs. Albert Owen, Sandy Level, Virginia, is grateful for past favors, and hopes for reading and cards for her four little ones.

9. Elder S. E. White, Lamoni, Iowa, for twenty years a missionary among the mountain whites in North Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, but forced by sickness to relinquish the work, receives many requests from these poor deserving people for literature, as well as from the school in his district where he has provided all the books the children ever had, and so asks for suitable reading for the children, as only Mormon dogma can be had there for free distribution.

10. I am living far away from my old home, and am among entire strangers, so I am asking, as a great favor, for something to read. I should like any current magazines, story papers, or books. I shall pass reading on, in order that the good work may be continued. My former name and address was Miss Ethel Crogan, Winterport, Maine, but is now Mrs. Arno L. Bacon, Millinocket, Maine.

11. Mrs. Daniel A. Monroe, Manchester, North Carolina, an invalid, wishes to thank those who have sent her reading matter, and asks for "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

12. George Price, King's Creek, North Carolina, will be glad to receive any good reading matter.

13. Dovie Rakes, Endicott, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 17, asks for *Delineator*, *Needlecraft*, and Webster's Dictionary.

14. A Bible with large print is asked for by Mrs. Joseph E. Broadaway, Polkton, North Carolina.

15. Mrs. Sadie M. Ogle, Foster Falls, R. F. D. 1, Virginia, expresses her thanks for what has been sent her, and asks for pictures for her little ones.

16. I come again asking for reading matter for my six children, aged from six to eighteen years, and for my husband and myself. I am interested in the moving library. Could I not have one? It would be such a benefit to this community, as we haven't any library here at all. Mrs. Mildred Alley, Germantown, North Carolina.

17. It has been some time since I have written to you, but now winter is coming, and we should be so glad of reading. We have had terrible misfortune, having lost 925 chickens from some unknown, new disease, so we shall be unable to have reading this winter, unless it is sent to us. I am anxious for "The Mistress of Shenstone," "Their Yesterdays," and "Moths of the Limberlost" for myself. My little girl, Miriam Alden Walker, has a birthday January 2, and I should like any of the Little Colonial series, except the first volume, "The Story Book," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers Abroad," or postal cards sent to her. If any of the friends would send the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Delineator* for 1913, we should appreciate them. Mrs. B. F. Walker, Sonoma, California.

18. I am a fatherless girl of twelve years. I am a poor girl. I am very fond of reading. Will you please send me some good book to read, or other reading matter? I refer you to Rev. W. A. Elgin, Elamsville, Virginia. Miss Mamie Rakes, Elamsville, Virginia.

19. I am badly afflicted with rheumatism, and much of the time I cannot do anything but read. If you could send me some good books of a religious nature, and educational work, and standard novels, I should appreciate them and pass them on to others. Rev. Zeb B. Pyatt, 105 Oak Street, West Goldsboro, North Carolina.

20. It has been a long time since I have written to you; but I have received some very interesting reading from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, for which I thank all. I should be very glad if some one could send me the *Cheerful Letter* regularly and the *Youth's Companion*. I have a little grand-daughter who stays with me a while each year during vacation time, and she dearly loves to read. I should be glad to have you send the *Cheerful Letter* to a poor woman who is an invalid, and has been for many months, depending on what one young daughter can earn to support a family of four. Any good religious reading would be highly appreciated. Her address is Mrs. Laura A. Sanborn, Sebago Lake, Maine, Box 12. Perhaps you have her name already on your list. Lastly, I should be very glad to be remembered at Christmas time with cards, letters, or reading matter. My husband and I are all alone here in the long winter months, and Christmas always used to be such a happy day with our little ones around us, but now, in our old age, we are left alone. Our youngest, and the one we expected to have with us, has been called home, and only the aching heart knows how we long for her dear presence; but some day we shall meet again where there will be no more partings. Mrs. Mary E. Stevenson, Waupaca, Wisconsin, Waupaca County, R. F. D. No. 6.

21. *Review of Reviews*, 1913, is asked for by Mrs. J. W. Reams, Isle of Wight, Virginia.

22. Mrs. W. E. Starnes, Granite Falls, North Carolina, asks for *Argosy*, 1913.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Lilian Thomas from Scott to Cogar, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Virda Francis from Van Alstyne to R. 1, Dennison, Texas.

AT REST.

Miss Bessie Sexton of St. James, Missouri.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TWO PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

A New Year's Prayer.

The dear old year has passed away;
 A bright New Year has come;
 It brings new joys for girls and boys;
 It smiles upon our home.
 God give us grateful hearts
 For his New Happy Year.
 God make it bright with Peace and Light
 And endless loving cheer.

O dear God, make this new-born Year
 A joyous year that brings
 Us work and fun and health and sun,
 With many happy things.
 O keep this growing life of mine
 From sin and pain and fear.
 Teach me to see your love for me
 Through all this glad New Year.

AMEN.

See no Evil.

O God, your goodness gives me sight
 To see and know the Good and Right.
 My heart knows what is best for me,
 And shows just what is good to see.
 So when my eyes see lovely things,
 It laughs and dances, smiles and sings;
 But when my eyes see what is bad,
 My heart grows cold and dark and sad.

So, when I see an evil sight,
 I'll shut my eyes with all my might.
 For, if my eyes were open wide,
 That evil sight would get inside.
 O dear God, help my heart to be
 Full of the light of purity.
 O help me, all the days I live,
 To see and love the *Sights* you give.

AMEN.

—"Prayers for Little Men and Women," John
 Martin.

CHOOSING BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

[The following extracts are taken from a paper read before the Convention of The American Booksellers' Association by Edward W. Mumford, of the Pennsylvania Publishing Company of Philadelphia.]

Every educated man and woman knows that story-books are powerful influences in the moulding of character. How many parents study their purchases of children's books from this angle?

Every story cheap in quality, whether high or low in price, helps to make a cheap boy or girl, to lower the moral tone, to coarsen the character fibre, and turn the child away from what is fine, true, honest, and worth while. Before he knows it he has been cheated out of his noblest heritage.

BAD BOOKS ARE WIDE-SPREAD.

With the demand for lower prices has come an enormous output of juveniles sold within the limit of the child's own pocket money. They are bought by teachers to present to their classes. They are purchased for Sunday-school libraries, although many of them are grotesquely out of keeping with the teachings of the school.

CHARACTERISTICS OF TRASHY STORIES.

This book—the commonest purchase for a child of ten to fifteen to-day—is usually one of a series (several pages in the body of the story advertise the other books of the set). Its infallible hero and his friends are invariably opposed by a despicable villain and an assistant, who, although a little worse than the villain, is often reformed. The villain seldom reforms, as he is needed for the plot of the next book. The forces of vice and virtue invariably clash in the first chapter, and thereafter the villain stops at nothing that will injure the hero. If they are rival candidates for the position of pitcher on the school nine, the hero may expect to be assaulted by thugs at night. If it is a girl's book, the heroine (blonde) has a "dangerous enemy" (brunette) in the person of a rich school-mate. The youthful villain, by the way, is almost invariably rich.

BOOKS HASTILY WRITTEN.

These characteristics sound most unbelievably ridiculous, but they are found in scores of such books. It is amazing how often the same old plots and themes, revamped with a few allusions to modern boats, airships, and other inventions, pass muster as new stories. They are, of course, cheaply, and therefore hastily, written. One writer produced recently in one year fifteen new books of this kind. Another well-known author easily surpasses this annual output by frank use of the factory method, outlining the plots, incidents, and characters to a corps of assistants, who submit their work for his final revision.

Do we wish our boys and girls to think straight?

These poor juveniles distort facts, make impossible feats possible. The young hero of one series builds and runs an airship, with sleeping berths and automatic control; has miraculous escapes from earthquake, hurricane, and shipwreck; thwarts gangs of desperate men; captures bank robbers; rescues beauty in distress; and presents to his sweetheart diamonds worth thousands of dollars. In another, boy aviators reach

the South Pole. In another, "our hero" on a motor-cycle jumps a fifteen-foot gap in a broken bridge. In another, two poor girls of fourteen and sixteen attend balls and yacht parties given by the exclusive set of Newport. In another, a girl says she has "a perfectly crazy desire to excite love." Do such books help or hinder the development of a love for fact and the habit of straight thinking?

Shall we teach children that honesty is the best policy?

The hero in these juveniles often wins his point by lying, evasion, or smart trickery.

RESPECT FOR ELDERS.

Should children learn to respect their elders?

The hero or heroine in low-grade juveniles almost without exception is in opposition to some older person. The hero is always proved right. The parent or guardian, or other person in authority, is as invariably wrong. Does the constant repetition of this make for discipline among young people, or the reverse?

Shall children be trained to respect learning?

In many modern stories of school and college life the teacher or professor is either a ridiculous butt for "pranks" (the advertising of such stories lays stress on the "pranks"), or is harsh, unjust, and cruel, and is therefore very properly exposed by "our hero." In stories involving modern invention, such as airships, etc., the teacher becomes a "scientist," around whom most of the fun revolves. It is always the "scientist" who makes absurd predictions, who is looking for "fur-bearing pollywogs" at the South Pole, who falls overboard or has the tar spilt over him. Science in these books stands either for modern magic or for thoroughly impractical near-sighted blundering. Is that the view you wish your boy or girl to have?

GOOD LANGUAGE AND MANNERS.

Should children be taught to speak correctly?

Will they learn the habit from books written in bad English, with much objectionable slang and many coarse expressions?

Is it desirable that our children should grow up well mannered?

What is the influence of books which show boys employed in coarse, practical jokes and girls in hoydenish midnight pranks? A noisy frolic of boys and girls on the street at night is expressly condoned in one of these volumes. "What they were doing," says the author,

"might be considered exceedingly out of place by a few straightlaced persons; but boys and girls will have their fun, even if it must sometimes be at the expense of other people."

Should our children's companions be carefully chosen?

Would you have your young people associate with a girl who would deliberately try to make a companion by running into her while coasting, or a girl who would yell fire in a theatre to stampede the audience, or a boy who, seeing another about to do a mean trick in a race, does it himself, and does it first? Too many modern juveniles have such characters.

Is thoughtless, cruel mischief to be encouraged among children?

In one book of the sort we are discussing "our hero" turns on the grocer's molasses barrel spigot, puts a "tic-tac" on a poor widow's window (the author commends the tic-tac and tells how to make it), frightens a woman teacher with a live mouse, puts glue on the minister's chair, and pulls over a ladder, injuring a man and a woman. How would you feel about the influence of such a book if you were the grocer?

JUDGE LINDSEY'S WARNING.

Judge Lindsey, whose work among boys has made him a national figure, says, in a recent letter: "I recall a gang of boys in my court. In the trunk of one, in an attic, were found hundreds of 'cheap juveniles,' and I think they had much to do with the misdirected energy and spirit of adventure in these boys, which, instead of taking the wholesome channels, took really to serious crime. The coarse, cheap appeal of some of this literature is certainly dangerous."

READ WHAT YOU BUY.

These are some of the characteristics by which the false and dangerous story may be detected. If every buyer of children's stories will read what he or she buys before putting it into the hands of children or into libraries for their use, such stories will be easily avoided. There should be, and is beginning to be, hearty co-operation between booksellers, parents, teachers, librarians, members of women's clubs, and all other enlightened influences in the community, to stem the tide of poor juvenile stories now on the market, and enlist public opinion on the side of literature that enriches and ennobles the child's mind.

The Editor will suggest that some stories and articles that are written for parents, and

may do good as showing what is the child's point of view, are, nevertheless, not good reading for children.

A friend of hers attributed a great outburst of naughtiness on the part of her little girl to a short story by a popular author, really intended to show to parents the harm done to children by incessant fault-finding and too much supervision; by teasing and minute regulations. Unfortunately, this was bound up in a book which appeared to be full of stories for children, and the mother, inheriting it from an aunt, thought it was quite safe to let her little girl read it. She found, on examination, that the point of the story was that the children changed places for a day with their parents, and enjoyed the fun of ordering their father and mother about, sending them to bed early when they wanted to sit up, reproving them for bad manners at the table, and so forth. The mother of this little girl did not need the lesson, for, if anything, she allowed her children too much liberty. She never scolded nor spoke impatiently to her children, and the children were very seldom either punished or blamed. The little girl, who was of somewhat wilful nature, needed, perhaps, more discipline rather than less, but her mother's principle was to have as little friction as possible, and to expect that her children would train themselves and conquer their own faults.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WALTER SCOTT AND HIS ANIMALS.

The fact that the great literati have always been highly sensitive to the sufferings of animals and disliked the so-called "blood-sports," and that few of them have taken more than a languid interest even in the chase of animals noxious to man, is well illustrated even in so robust a character as Sir Walter Scott, who in his youth and prime was, it is true, fond of the exhilarations of the chase, but later often expressed his distaste for all forms of cruel sport. His humane feeling for animals, especially dogs and horses, appears everywhere in Lockhart's Life of him and in his own novels and poems. Scott is still so ardently loved and so widely read that no apology is needed for culling from the Life a bouquet of anecdotes and incidents about his fondness for his dogs and horses. The brave little humane societies of England and America need every encouragement, and this may serve as some re-enforcement of their work. Sir Walter's heroes and subordinate characters, from old Dumbiedikes

and his obstinate pony to Prince David of Scotland, in "The Talisman," are all portrayed as kind and careful in the management of their horses. The novels and poems especially reveal Scott's love of dogs. This latter was so marked a trait of his character that he has been called "the Landseer of dogs." The little genre picture in "Branksome Hall" is painted from his own hearth:—

"The staghounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale moor."

Of the larger breed of dogs—deerhounds and the like—one recalls the noble Bevis in "Woodstock," Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck in "The Black Dwarf," Ban and Buscar in "Waverley," Wolf of Avenel Castle in "The Abbot," Wolf-fanger in "Anne of Geierstein." Of the terriers there are Harry Bertram's Wasp in "Guy Mannering" and the familiar Mustard and Pepper of Dandie Dinmont; the little faithful spaniel Charlot figures in the pathetic glee-maiden scenes in "The Fair Maid of Perth"; and there are Jeanie Deans's meek little dog Dustiefoot, and Belzie in "Nigel," Captain Hector's Juno in "The Antiquary," Cedric's Balder and Gurth's Fangs in "Ivanhoe," and Lord Ronald's deerhounds in the haunted forest of Glenfinlas.

Scott's love of animals began at Sandyknowe when he was a little lame boy, and remained in full force to the last day of his life at Abbotsford. His magnetic kindness inspired even the hens and the pigs with affection for him. At Abbotsford a certain little black porker and a hen always tried to accompany the laird when he started for a ride or a walk, and great was the laughter one day, when on starting out riding with Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and Henry MacKenzie, the irrepressible little black pig persisted in galloping along with the cavalcade in spite of the objections of the master, who finally broke down in laughter, too. Scott never harshly rebuked his pets. He feared to hurt their feelings. When driving, he used to have the vehicle stopped and take his terrier Spice into the carriage when water was to be crossed, because the dog had a cough. He was a gentleman even to his dogs, said his friend Mr. Adolphus. His roughest rebuke to Spice, when she was inclined to play too seriously with a sheep, was, "Ha! fie! fie!" Perhaps it would have been well had he restrained the dogs a little more closely sometimes. One day, as Scott and his daughter were passing a cottage, by the door of which sat a child and a cat, Nimrod bounded gayly forward: "the un-

suspecting cat had scarcely time to squall before she was demolished." The child wailed, Miss Scott was greatly distressed, and even the laird somewhat out of countenance. But his purse made amends. This was not Nimrod's first offence, for he had killed the venerable cat Hinse, for fifteen years Sir Walter's friend and the intimate of his study. "What could I say to Nimrod," he wrote of this event, "but that which Brantôme said to one who had been too successful in a duel: 'Ah, my dear friend, you have killed my other dear friend!'"

In 1825, after the failure of Ballantyne and the loss of all his property, Sir Walter thought at first that he should never be allowed to retain Abbotsford and to return there at all, and said, with deep emotion: "My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters. . . . I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere" (Journal, Dec. 18, 1825).

When at Naples, and driving out with Sir William Gell, Scott always kindly noticed Sir William's dog, patting the animal's head for some time, and saying, "Poor boy! poor boy!" He alluded to his own two deerhounds at home, saying he feared they looked too handsome and too feudal for his diminished income. In his broken mind he imagined his debts were all paid, and, when news came of the sale of two editions of his last and weakest works,—"*Count Robert of Paris*" and "*Castle Dangerous*,"—he said to Gell's dog, "And now, my poor boy, I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose without fear of reproach."

"There was one thing," says Lockhart, "on which Scott fixed his heart hardly less than the ancient Persians of the *Cyropædia*: like them, next to love of truth, he held love of horsemanship for the prime point of education. As soon as his eldest girl could sit a pony, she was made the regular attendant of his mountain rides; and all his children, as they attained sufficient strength, had the like advancement. He taught them to think nothing of tumbles, and habituated them to his own reckless delight in perilous fords and flooded streams. They all imbibed in great perfection his passion for horses."

Scott said he had an hereditary attachment to the horse, because he regarded him as the kindest and most generous of the subordinate tribes. "I hardly even except the dogs; at least, they are usually so much

better treated that compassion for the steed should be thrown into the scale when we weigh their comparative merits" (Life, I., chap. xii.).

When he was only a wee boy at Sandyknowe, Walter had a little bit of a Shetland pony of his own, given him by Uncle Thomas. Marion (so she was named) walked into the house when it so pleased her, and fed from "Wattie's" hand. Later in life, at Abbotsford, Scott owned various ponies, such as Wallace, for example, and Sybil Grey.

Every morning the Shirra visited his stables to greet his favorite horses, all of which liked to be fed by him alone. Brown Adam would not suffer any one else to mount him, and is said to have broken one groom's arm and another's leg in their attempts to ride him. "The moment Brown Adam was bridled and saddled," says Lockhart, "it was the custom to open the stable door as a signal that his master expected him, when he immediately trotted to the side of the leaping-stone of which Scott, from his lameness, found it convenient to make use, and stood there silent and motionless as a rock until his master was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvetings."

When, in 1815, Scott came home from the Continent after not quite three months' absence, his horse Daisy, who had previously been valued for his uniform habit of standing perfectly still to be mounted, eyed the laird askance with a devil's look in his eyes, and, when he attempted to mount, reared bolt upright and dropped him onto the ground. The horse had to be sold.

Scott's favorite horse from 1820 to 1827 was Sybil Grey, who had, however, finally to be dismissed for stumbling, and the Shirra "stooped his pride to a sober, steady creature of very humble blood; dun, with black mane and legs; by name Douce Davie, *alias* The Covenanter. This [the last of his steeds, by the way] had been previously in the possession of a jolly old laird in a neighboring county, and had acquired a distinguished reputation by its skill in carrying him home safely when dead drunk. Douce Davie on such occasions accommodated himself to the swerving balance of his rider with such nice discrimination that, on the laird's death, the country people expected a vigorous competition for the sagacious animal; but the club companions of the defunct stood off to a man when it was understood that the Sheriff coveted the succession" (Life, chap. lxxiv.). Lockhart tells us that the greatest pleasure Sir Walter had, in 1830, at Abbotsford, was in pacing Douce Davie

through the green lanes among his forest plantations, while his grandchildren capered about him on their ponies and donkeys.

To turn now to a closer study of Scott's many and much-loved dogs,—those of his own home. The first and most famous was the bull terrier Camp, painted with his master in the two well-known portraits by Saxon and by Raeburn, respectively. Scott owned at the same time the two greyhounds, Percy and Douglas, and in Raeburn's second full-length portrait of the master of Abbotsford these faithful hounds are depicted with Camp.

By 1808 Camp had become too stiff and decrepit to accompany Scott on his rides; but, says Lockhart (*Life*, chap. xix.), "he preserved his affection and sagacity to the last. At Ashestiel, as the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would address the dog lying on the mat by the fire and say, 'Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford—or by the hill,' and the sick animal would immediately bestir himself to welcome his master, going out at the back door or the front door, according to the direction given, and advancing as far as he was able, either towards the fore of the Tweed or the bridge over the Glenkinnon burn beyond Laird Nippy's gate. He died about January, 1809, and was buried, on a fine moonlight night, in the little garden behind the house in Castle Street [Edinburgh] immediately opposite to the window at which Scott usually sat writing." The whole family stood in tears about the grave, and the master excused himself from dining abroad, as he had agreed, "owing to the death of a dear old friend."

Camp was succeeded by a terrier puppy of the old shaggy Celtic breed named Wallace. The greyhound Percy survived till 1812. Scott announced his intention to have a stone set over Percy's remains with the inscription, "*Ci gist li preux Percie*" ("Here lies the brave Percy"). The two greyhounds are alluded to in "*Marmion*," introduction to Canto II.:

"Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'erholt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

When Washington Irving made his visit to Abbotsford in 1817, he took a walk with his master, and tells of the troop of dogs that accompanied them,—the staghound Maida; Hamlet, a black pup greyhound given him by his actor friend Daniel Terry of London, and named by Scott from his "inky" coat; a superannuated greyhound; Finette, a beauti-

ful setter "with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye,—the parlor favorite." Still another member of the family was a little, large-eyed, shame-faced terrier, very sensitive to censure; and, finally, there was Trout, a pointer.

Maida had come on the scene about 1816, a gigantic male staghound, a cross between the wolf hound and the deerhound breeds. He was six feet long, and able to eat from a plate at table without rising on his feet. Maida died in 1824, and is sculptured at his master's feet in the statue by Steell enclosed in the Scott monument at Edinburgh, and also appears in effigy at Abbotsford.

Maida during his life was sketched so often that he got up with signs of loathing and walked away when he saw an artist getting ready to paint him (*Journal*, Jan. 7, 1826). Writing once to Joanna Baillie, his master said of this dog: "It will gratify you to know that a favorite cat keeps him in the greatest possible order, and insists upon all rights of precedence, and scratches with impunity the nose of an animal who would make no bones of a wolf, and pulls down a red deer without fear or difficulty. I heard my friend set up some piteous howls, and I assure you the noise was no joke, all occasioned by his fear of passing puss, who had stationed himself on the stair" (*Familiar Letters*, I. 358).

In Scott's den, or library, in Castle Street, Edinburgh, the venerable tomcat Hinese usually lay on the top (carpeted) step of the broad step-ladder used by the owner of the books for reaching those on the higher shelves. When Maida rose from his rug before the fire and thumped with his ponderous paw on the door, and Scott had risen and let him out, then descended the cat from her watch-tower, purring, and mounted guard by the footstool of the loved one. Scott affirmed that his pets understood everything he said to them. Hinese slept at night in the room of his master and mistress, the window being left open for him at the risk of colds to the occupants (*Life*, chap. xli.). Hinese assumed (says Washington Irving, in his "*Abbotsford*") "a kind of ascendancy among the quadrupeds,—sitting in state in Scott's armchair, and occasionally stationing himself on a chair beside the door, as if to review his subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff beside the ears as he went by. This clapperclawing was always taken in good part; it appeared to be, in fact, a mere act of sovereignty on the part of grimalkin to remind the others of their vassalage, which they acknowledged by the most perfect acquiescence. A general harmony

prevailed between sovereign and subjects, and they would all sleep together in the sunshine."

One Sunday, writes Scott, Maida was walking with him and some friends, "and, in jumping the paling at the Greentongue Park, contrived to hang himself up by the hind leg. He howled at first, but, seeing us making toward him, he stopped crying and waved his tail, by way of signal, it is supposed, for assistance. He sustained no material injury, though his leg was strangely twisted into the bars, and he was nearly hanging by it" (Life, chap. xlv.).

As late as the autumn of 1824 Maida was still alive, and now and then raised a majestic bark from behind the house. "It was one of the little scenes which should have been preserved by a painter when Sir Walter strolled out in a sunny morning to caress poor Maida, and to condole with him upon being so 'very frail'; the aged hound dragging his gaunt limbs forward, painfully, yet with some remains of dignity, to meet the hand and catch the deep, affectionate tones of his master." So speaks the novelist's intimate friend, J. L. Adolphus. In October, 1824, Maida died quietly in his straw, and was buried below a leaping-on-stone at the gate, which had been carved to resemble him. The Latin inscription has been thus Englished:—

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your Master's door."

Lockhart tells us that in the descriptions of Bevis in "Woodstock" we have an affectionate portraiture of Maida (Life, chap. lxxi.). The two huge Highland stag-hounds, Nimrod and Bran, that took Maida's place in 1827, were the gift of a Highland chief. But they could not labor in their vocation, for there were no wild deer nearer than far Lochow.

It was often remarked that Scott's dogs seemed to understand what he said. An instance in point may be found in a letter by Sir Francis Grant, the artist (Scott Centenary Catalogue, pp. 79-81). Sir Francis was painting Scott's portrait, the novelist the while dictating to Willie Laidlaw, a portion of his "Count Robert of Paris." It was the custom of Scott and Laidlaw every day to repair to Laidlaw's hill-farm after the dictating was over, accompanied by the two deerhounds of Abbotsford. One day Bran (who is painted in the picture standing up) began to show signs of impatience and a desire to get under way for "the hill." Scott

said: "Bran, my man, do you see that gentleman? [pointing to him]. He is painting my picture, and he wants us to bide a wee bit till he has finished my hand [pointing to his hand]; so just lie down for a while, and THEN we'll gang to the Hill." The dog had been looking into the master's face while he spoke, seemed perfectly to understand, and, turning about, went and lay down quietly on the rug.

In 1820-24 a favorite terrier at Abbotsford was Ourisque (abbreviated to Oury or Ury), a Highland bitch terrier from Kintails, with long silky hair. It was the especial pet of Lady Scott, frequently accompanied the Sheriff also on his horseback jaunts, and, feigning to be tired, would whine to be taken up, when it would sit before him on the horse like a child, without assistance. When Lady Scott died, Sir Walter wrote to his daughter Sophia that Ourisque "remained in the room without stirring and without tasting food for many hours. When all of a sudden it transferred all its regard to Anne, left the fatal room, and now lies on Anne's bed, whom two days since she would not allow to touch her. Its fondness for me seemed quite like a rational creature who had lost a friend and sought consolation from another." Ourisque was at one time downed in the house by one of Scott's Dandie Dinmont terriers. This "Liddesdale devil," writes Scott, "cocked its nose, and went up to the scratch like a tigress, . . . serving Ourie out completely—since which Ourie has been so low, that it seems going into an atrophy, and Ginger takes all manner of precedence, as the best place by the fire, and so on, to Lady Scott's great discomfiture" (Life, chap. lx.). Ourisque appears in a portrait of Scott by John Watson.—*William Sloane Kennedy, in the Christian Register.*

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

II.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG MINISTER.

Dr. Eliot always believed, with others of his denomination, that the greatest work of a rational faith lay in overlooking rather than emphasizing sectarian differences, and in liberalizing and influencing other forms of belief. He desired that good men of all denominations should unite in Christian effort, and it is worth recording that this same minister, to whom he was called upon to reply at this time, later sought his assistance and advice in a non-sectarian movement.

No one who attended Mr. Eliot's church was ever intentionally overlooked or for-

gotten. As far as possible he sought to become, and was, personally acquainted with every member of his flock. In one of his letters to Mr. Clarke he wrote that there was not a single worldly-minded woman or intemperate man among his church members. The latter statement he could not always repeat, and there were occasions when, on his knees in his study, he prayed with those who were sorely tempted by the love of stimulants.

On an average he made five or six calls a day, and the following is a memorandum of duties requiring immediate attention. A mother is to be assisted in providing for her ten-year-old son, very bad for his age; the father is to be spoken to about his intemperance; a place at the county farm must be provided for an indigent old woman; the people at Quincy are to be aided in the purchase of a church lot; a young lady desires assistance in starting a school; a young man, to whom Mr. Eliot loaned ten dollars two weeks previously, wanted more, "Etc., etc., etc.," he adds at the close of a memorandum which will remind many other ministers of their own experience in such matters.

Mr. Eliot returned from abroad in September of the same year (1847). He spent some time in the East, visiting Boston and other cities. While in Boston he received a call to King's Chapel, one of the oldest Unitarian churches of that city. Only a strong feeling of duty, the sense of his obligation to his parish in St. Louis, prevented his acceptance. After he reached St. Louis he wrote: "The position offered me [in Boston] is very honorable, and might be made very influential. . . . My personal friendships there are very warm, and more than all, an undefined attraction in the air of Boston and Cambridge draws me very strongly, so that duty was a deciding motive; and, to say the truth, I have felt the sacrifice very deeply. . . . But now I am here, in this thriving city, and find how very cordially I am received, and see what a society I shall, by the blessing of Providence, be able to gather, I am abundantly content, and believe that both myself and family will be very happy here." In the light of subsequent events Dr. Eliot must have been glad that he decided as he did. He remained where his labors, and those of other devoted men, were to be greatly needed.

At that period in the older cities of the East, earnest men and their measures were upborne on the wave of sympathetic enthusiasm. In the West they must *create* the public opinion and sympathy which would later assist them. The difficulties and achieve-

ments of the lonely workers in the West were scarcely understood and appreciated in the East. After reading the life of Dr. Channing, Mr. Eliot wrote: "I cannot help being struck by the great difference between the life of a Boston minister and my own. There the constant help and incitement of friends and of books, here a lonely working. Every measure for which I work I must originate. My library is almost nothing, and if it were more, pastoral care consumes all my time."

It was not long before Mr. Eliot's ministration within and without his church was to be greatly needed in St. Louis. The year 1849 was the most disastrous in the history of St. Louis,—a year of pestilence, fire, and flood. At the very beginning of the year, in January, Asiatic cholera made its appearance. The origin of the disease was very apparent, and demanded quarantine regulations, which were not for some time enforced. In an article published in one of the daily papers in June appeared this statement: "It is a well-known fact that nearly every New Orleans boat that lands at our wharf brings hundreds of foreign emigrants, taken directly from the ships at New Orleans, in which they have been pent up for weeks or months, in the same clothing, without the opportunity of washing or purifying their stores; and in this condition they are brought here, as much or more crowded, and as completely deprived of the means of cleanliness as upon the ship; and in this condition they are scattered through the city."

Dr. Eliot's church suffered severely, yet, as he said, it was "regularly kept open for its usual religious services, and no one having either direct or indirect claims upon it was permitted to suffer for want of proper ministration or for decent burial." One of the first victims in the city, Haven Henderson, was a member of the church, and his funeral took place from there in January, 1849. At the communion service, a few months later, the names were read of nine church members who had died since the previous communion day. "It was a year of fearful trial," Mr. Eliot said at a later period, "and the value of Christian faith, with a steadfast reliance upon God's providence, was fully proved."

Slowly and surely, from the beginning of the epidemic, it claimed its victims in ever-increasing numbers. In May he wrote: "All plans were made and notice given that I would go to Chicago for a week or two's absence. But Monday the cholera was evidently increasing so fast that I feared to go." Yet he continued thus: "I must present to

my people the claims of Meadville Theological School with the hope of raising some six or eight hundred dollars for them." On account of the continued prevalence of cholera, this appeal was not made, and on Tuesday, May 15, Mr. Eliot made this entry in his journal, "Cholera increases—was busy from morning till night visiting the sick." (At that time there was no system of drainage in St. Louis.)

During the entire continuance of the epidemic Mr. Eliot was under intense physical and nervous strain. He went from the bedside of the dying to the funeral of the dead, with little opportunity for rest. On Sunday, June 17, he wrote: "Things are very gloomy and becoming worse. But one subject engrosses all minds. In one family five persons have died since Wednesday, and like cases I hear of daily. We keep well, with careful, cheerful, and prayerful hearts." On Tuesday he recorded for himself a comparatively quiet day, yet he went twice to visit Mr. C., who died at one o'clock. At seven in the evening he christened a baby whose mother had died, and at eight o'clock went to a school directors' meeting. At half-past nine he received a message from Mrs. G., whose husband he had previously visited. He found her alone with Dr. G., who was not expected to live through the night. The neighbors were all sick, and he persuaded the tired wife to sleep, while he remained during the night with the sick man. These people lived in a small one-story brick house, on low ground, with a bed on the floor. With careful nursing, Dr. G. got through the night very well, and, when Mr. Eliot left him, there was hope of his recovery. He returned to his home in the morning, and, sending a physician to the sick man he had left, went to bed and slept three hours, when he was summoned to Mrs. H. and her child, both ill. At three in the afternoon she sent for him a second time, and, as soon as he saw her, he "knew that she must die." He spent most of the afternoon with her, and returned in the evening. At midnight he was again summoned to her bedside and remained until three in the morning. On coming home he met at his door a gentleman, who told him his next neighbor, Mrs. C., was very ill. At half after seven the previous evening she had been to Mr. Eliot's door. He had discouraged her from returning to nurse a cholera patient. At nine o'clock she was violently ill, and at half after four in the morning, when he reached her bedside, she was in a dying condition.

Living as he did in the shadow of death day after day, Mr. Eliot had previously

written: "If I am taken away, I leave my own affairs in good condition. My church also is in good order, and would prosper, I think, even without me. My wife and children would find friends everywhere and a helper in God. Yet I pray to be spared to them."—*William Greenleaf Eliot, by Charlotte C. Eliot.*

ROVER IN CHURCH.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.

The windows were open, and breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.
Even the birds in the pale-leaved birch
Sang as softly as if in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seats turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused (though his head was bowed).

Rappety-rap! This will never do,
The girls are peeping, and laughing, too!
So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the centre aisle he pattered;
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day,
But better late than never, you know;
Beside, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say."

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be!
The dog *being large (and the sexton small)*,
He sat through the sermon, and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head
After the service, "I never knew
Two better list'ners than Rover and you!"

—James Buckham.

CANINE CHARITY.

"Jack," a handsome Irish setter, is the hero of a story related in the *Brooklyn Times*, which illustrates that dogs, as well as humans, have a code of ethics entirely their own, and that the prosperous dog has a soft spot in his heart for his down-and-out companion.

"I was walking along Broadway," says the contributor, "when I noticed a poor, half-starved mongrel, nosing in the gutter, evidently looking for something to eat. Up came a prosperous-looking setter, with a handsome brass collar, who stood for a second regarding him, then went up to him, and with a 'come on' shake of the head invited him to follow. The gesture was so human that I thought I would see the affair out. Running in front, the setter looked back now and then to see if the mongrel was following. Sometimes he gave two shakes of the head, indicating exactly the way a man would indicate to another man to follow him.

"Before one of the brownstone dwelling-houses on Linden Street, the setter paused where a large pail of garbage was standing. The setter made immediately for the pail, jumped up and buried his head in it, and brought forth a well-covered beef bone and threw it to his companion. Then he settled himself gravely on his haunches to watch the other eat.

"If I had not been a witness of the incident, I would not have believed it. It was too human for words. I was determined to find out the owner of the dog, and followed him home, where I had a talk with his master, who said that 'Jack' could do everything but speak."

COFFEE CURE FOR HORSES.

The German naturalist, Martin, relates a case he recently met of a horse which owed its life to coffee. It was in such a bad way that it was considered incurable, and the owner sold the animal for fifteen dollars.

The animal was then almost a skeleton and so weak that it could hardly walk. The man who bought the horse immediately began to treat it with coffee, giving infusions of roasted coffee beans and also coffee beans ground and mixed with honey. In a short time the horse began to improve, and after a few months its new owner was offered \$250 for it.

He told Herr Martin he had brought round by the same treatment many horses which

had been overworked or had lost their strength and appetite.—*Boston Globe*.

STOVES AND SUNSHINE.

Prate, ye who will, of so-called charms you find across the sea—
The land of stoves and sunshine is good enough for me!

I've done the grand for fourteen months in every foreign clime,
And I've learned a heap of learning, but I've shivered all the time;
And the biggest bit of wisdom I've acquired—as I can see—
Is that which teaches that this land's the land of lands for me.

The British people say they "don't believe in stoves, y' know";
Perchance because we warmed 'em so completely years ago!
They talk of "drafts" and "stiffness" and "ill effects of heat,"
As they chatter in their barny rooms or shiver 'round the street;
With sunshine such a rarity, and stoves esteemed a sin,
What wonder they are wedded to their fads—catarrh and gin?

In Germany are stoves galore, and yet you seldom find
A fire within the stoves, for German stoves are not that kind;
The Germans say that fires make dirt, and dirt's an odious thing;
But the truth is that the pfennig is the average Teuton's king,
And, since the fire costs pfennigs, why, the thrifty soul denies
Himself all heat except what comes with beer and exercise.

The Frenchman builds a fire of cones, the Irishman of peat;
The frugal Dutchman buys a fire when he has need of heat,—
That is to say, he pays so much each day to one who brings
The necessary living coals to warm his soup and things.

Now, we've no mouldy catacombs, no feudal castle grim,
No ruined monasteries, no abbeys ghostly dim;
Our ancient history is new, our future's all ahead,
And we've got a tariff bill that's made all Europe sick abed;
But what is best, though short on tombs and academic groves,
We double discount Christendom on sunshine and on stoves.

Dear land of mine! I come to you from
months of chill and storm,
Blessing the honest people whose hearts and
hearths are warm;
A fairer, sweeter song than this I mean to
weave to you
When I've reached my lakeside 'dobe and
once get heated through;
But even then the burthen of that fairer
song shall be
That the land of stoves and sunshine is good
enough for me.

—Eugene Field.

Dare to look up to God and say: "Make
use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am
of the same mind: I am one with thee. I re-
fuse nothing which seems good to thee. Lead
me whither thou wilt."—*Epictetus*.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amuse-
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are requested to write on one side of the
paper only. Write name and address plainly
(not necessarily for publication), and send
the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip
of paper.]

I.

NOVEL PUZZLE.

Example: Behead an inclosure for confin-
ing birds, prefix another letter, and make
sagacious.

Answer. Cage—sage.

1. Behead a time of darkness, prefix an-
other letter, and make the number next
greater than seven.
2. Behead to trouble, prefix another letter,
and make of no account.
3. Behead to disrupt, prefix another letter,
and make to lift up.
4. Behead a small rude dwelling, prefix
another letter, and make not in.
5. Behead to help, prefix another letter,
and make the past participle of hide.
6. Behead nothing, prefix another letter,
and make strong.
7. Behead one of the elements of an elec-
trolyte, prefix another letter, and make the
imperfect of win.

8. Behead at any time, prefix another
letter, and make to declare positively.
9. Behead to bathe, prefix another letter,
and make to hold in possession or control.

When rightly guessed and written one
below the other, the beheaded letters, read-
ing downward, will spell the Christian name,

and the prefixed letters, reading upward, will
spell the surname of a celebrated American
author.

II.

ANAGRAMS.

FAMOUS COMMANDERS.

- | | |
|---------------|------------------------------|
| 1. A-gnarl. | 6. Rue bad rage. |
| 2. Draw on. | 7. Scores ran. |
| 3. Nor am I. | 8. Had reins. |
| 4. Ola, try. | 9. Rash men. |
| 5. Risen bud. | — <i>Youth's Companion</i> . |

III.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

L	R	A	H	Y	A	B	E	T	D	E
E	S	R	C	A	O	N	N	L	F	R
R	S	O	D	R	S	Y	N	A	N	I
E	U	L	T	E	B	M	I	R	A	L
N	M	Y	A	N	J	A	N	F	N	K

By beginning at a certain letter, and fol-
lowing a path, using no letter twice, the
names of four persons born in January may
be spelled.

IV.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. A part of the verb to be.
3. One that lays.
4. Jurisdiction of a bishop.
5. A consonant.

V.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A pavilion of canvas.
2. The Latin pronoun.
3. An adverb.
4. A consonant.

Answers to Puzzles in the December Number.

I. CHRISTMAS PIE:—

Give unto all, lest he whom thou deniest
May chance to be no other man but Christ.
—*Herrick*.

II. BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS. I.

- | | | | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| Races. | 2. Ashen. | 3. Larch. | 4. Abide. |
| 5. Basso. | 6. Cater. | 7. Demur. | 8. Board. |
| 9. Gassy. | Christmas. | | |

- ### III. HIDDEN INVENTORS. I.
- | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|----|
| Howe, sew-
ing machine. | 2. Goodyear, vulcanized rub-
ber. | 3. Stephenson, locomotive. | 4. Galileo,
telescope. | 5. Edison, electric lights. | 6. |
| Whitney, cotton gin. | 7. Fulton, steamboat. | 8. Watt, steam engine. | 9. Bell, telephone. | 10. Gatling, gatling gun. | |

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

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